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## LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the Divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed, and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live in long remembrance. The mere inclinations of men languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider as a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Who can look down upon the grave even of his enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that we should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate—there settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being who can never more return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then, be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplets of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave—console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—*Washington Irving.*

## TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. II.

WELL, a few days after Jemmy Brannin made up his mind to speak to the Rev. Mr. Owens, it happened that Jemmy and Pat Dolan were working together for a farmer; and they were filling a cart out of some manure-heaps that lay on the roadside. And, as they were working, who should come up the road but Mr. Owens himself. Now, Mr. Owens seldom passed people by without saying a word; for he was a pleasant spoken man, and Irishmen like a gentleman that speaks free and pleasant. So Mr. Owens said, "It is a fine day for the work, boys; thanks be to God for it."

"A fine day, your reverence, God be praised," said Jem, very well pleased to have Mr. Owens to speak to that day.

"It would be bad farming without the dung, boys," said Mr. Owens.

"Sure enough, your reverence, that would be bad work," said Pat; "but there's a deal of poor creatures has little dung to put on it since potatoes went."

"And without the spade or the plough the dung is not much good," said the parson.

"I'm thinking both spade and plough will have to go deeper these times," said Jem.

"Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ digging and dunging?" said Mr. Owens.

"No, your reverence," said both the men, dropping their spades in great amazement.

"Why, did you never read of that in the Bible?" said Mr. Owens.

"No, your reverence," said Jem, "I never did."

"What Bible is it in, your reverence?" said Pat; "is it in the Protestant Bible or the Catholic Bible?"

"And which of these do you read?" said Mr. Owens. Pat did not like to say he never read a word of either in his life, so he said nothing, and Mr. Owens went on—"I believe it is just the same in both, as I could show you if I had the books."

"Well, your reverence," said Jem, "that is just what I would like to see."

"What?" said Mr. Owens.

"The differ between the two books," said Jem.

"Well, if that is all you want to see," said Mr. Owens, "it is not much; for the 'differ' is so small you will hardly see it at all: but what makes you wish for it?"

So Jem was fairly in for the very thing he wanted; and so he said, "Your reverence, I can't make out why reading the Bible should put people astray, and make them leave the Catholic Church."

"Nor I neither," said Mr. Owens. "How could it do

that? It comes to us from God himself, that made the Church, and knows what is best for it."

"But sure, your reverence," says Pat, "don't we know that they that gives us the Bible always wants us to leave the Catholic Church?"

"Were the blessed Apostles good Catholics—St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Matthew, and all the rest of them?" said Mr. Owens.

"Surely they were, your reverence," said Jem.

"And how would their writings, that they wrote to all the people that they made Catholics, how would those writings turn any man away from the Catholic Church?" said Mr. Owens.

"That's just what I want to know, your reverence," said Jem; "and I heard tell that it was the Protestant Bible that did it, and that the Catholic Bible would not do it at all; and that's the reason I wanted to see the differ."

"I can't show you the 'differ' without the books," said Mr. Owens; "but if you and your neighbour here will come down to my house some evening, I'll put one book in your hand and the other in his, and you can read turn about, and compare them, and see the 'differ.'"

"And when will we come down, your reverence?" said Jem.

"This evening, if you like, when you leave off work," said Mr. Owens.

"With God's blessing, then, I'll go," said Jem.

So Mr. Owens had to leave them, for he had to see a sick man; and when he was gone, Jem asked Pat to go with him that evening; and Pat was not willing at first; so Jem said to him, "Sure you shall hold the Catholic Bible yourself, and you may as well come and see the end of it."

So that evening they both went up to Mr. Owens's, and he brought them both into his study, and got down the two books; and first he opened the Douay Bible, and showed them what was printed in the first page—

## APPROBATION.

"This new edition of the English version of the Bible, printed with our permission, by Richard Coyne, 4, Capel-street, carefully collated by our direction with the Clementine Vulgate; likewise, with the Douay version of the Old Testament of 1509,\* and with the Rhemish version of the New Testament of 1582, and with other approved English versions, we, by our authority, approve, and we declare that the same may be used with great spiritual profit by the faithful; provided it be read with due reverence, and the proper dispositions. Given at Dublin, 2nd September, 1829."

And then Mr. Owens showed them that this approbation was signed by "Daniel Murray, D.D.," the late Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and he showed them this added to it—"We concur with the above approbation," signed by 24 of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops. So Jem and Pat were both satisfied that this was the right book, and Pat was more easy in his mind; for after reading this he thought it could be no harm for him to look into it; and so he kept this book in his hand, and Mr. Owens handed the other to Jem.

"Now, where would you like to read?" said Mr. Owens.

"Oh, your reverence can choose better than we can," said Jem.

So Mr. Owens opened the Church of England Bible at the First Epistle of Timothy, chap. ii. and verse 5, and Jem read as follows—"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

"Holy Kitty!" exclaimed Jem.

"Stop a minute, my friend," said the parson, laying his hand on Jem's arm; "who was Kitty?"

"Why, then, indeed, your reverence," said Jem, "I don't know, barrin' she might be one of the saints."

"And will you swear by you don't know who? Do you know what our Saviour says about swearing?" said the parson.

"I suppose 'thou shalt not take the name of God in vain,'" said Jem; "but what harm is it to swear by holy Kitty?"

"Is it not harm to do what Christ commands us not to do?" said Mr. Owens.

"Surely," said Jem, "there's no denying that."

"Well," said Mr. Owens, "listen to the words of Christ himself, in his own sermon on the Mount (Matthew v. 34), 'I say to you not to swear at all,' and in v. 37, 'Let your speech be yea, yea; no, no; and that which is over and above these is evil.' And the Apostle St. James, in his epistle, says (chapter 5, v. 12), 'But, above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by heaven, nor by the earth, nor by any other oath; but let your speech be yea, yea; no, no; that you fall not under judgment.' Now, I ask you, my friends," said the parson, "can it be safe for us to swear by any oath, when we have such directions from God about our talk?"

"Surely not, your reverence," said Jem.

"And if God has given us such directions, ought we not to keep them? and can we keep them without knowing them? Now, did you ever know this before, that Christ had given us orders not to swear by any oath?"

"I never heard it before," said Jem.

"You see, then," said Mr. Owens, "what need we

have to study God's Word, in order that we may know what God commands us to do, or not to do. If we do not know his Word, we may be continually doing the very things that make him angry. But come back to the verse you read, Jem; it seemed to strike you forcibly."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Jem.

"Stop again, my friend," said the parson; "are you not doing again the very thing that your Saviour bid you not do?"

"I am, your reverence," said Jem; "but it's so hard for a man to quit, in a moment, what he was used to all his life."

"You see, then," said the parson, "what need we have to study Christ's words, and to learn them carefully, that we may keep them. That is the reason that we teach the Bible to our children, that they may learn to avoid habits that are so displeasing to God, and so hard to get rid of. The Jews were told to teach them to their children; and why not to Christian children? And St. Paul praised Timothy for knowing them from a child. And you see now what need there is that the Church should teach Christ's word carefully to people; for it is not once hearing them that will do: we must read and study them again and again, to learn to keep them. And this is why we teach the Bible so much."

"But, your reverence," said Pat, "I hear Protestants swear betimes; and how comes that, if they get such instruction?"

"And many," said Mr. Owens, "that heard our viour teach, and his Apostles too, were never the better, but the worse of what they heard. Very likely that some that heard that sermon on the Mount went on swearing; but that was no fault of the teaching. The Church ought to teach Christ's words, whether man will hear them and do them or not. But come back to our verse; what were you going to say of it, Jem?"

"I was going to say, your reverence," said Jem (and he didn't swear this time), "if them isn't the very words that made Johnny Connor, the sexton to the chapel, turn Protestant. Sure I heard him myself, when Father John taxed him in the chapel forenent the people with reading, and wanted to take his Bible, and Johnny wouldn't give it. 'And what do you find in it,' says Father John, 'that you won't give it up?' 'I find in it,' says Johnny, 'that there is one Mediator between God and men. I mind the words well. Now, Pat,' said Jem, turning sharp round on Pat as he spoke, 'look at your book, man, and see if the words is there; and then we will see which book set Johnny Connor astray.'"

"Read it again in your own book first," said the parson, "and then we will see the 'differ' exactly."

So Jem read again, "For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

"Now, my friend, will you read?" said the parson to Pat. So Pat read, "For there is one God and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

"Now," said the parson, "what Bible set Johnny Connor astray?"

"Well, that's plain, anyway," said Jem; "there's but one Mediator; and the one book is as good as the other for that."

"What would you like to have next?" said Mr. Owens. So both told him to choose, for they were at a loss.

"Can you say the commandments?" said Mr. Owens.

"Yes, your reverence," said both of them.

So Mr. Owens turned to Jem, "Say the first commandment;" so Jem said, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me." Then Mr. Owens turned to Pat, and said, "Say the second commandment." "Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain."

"Is there nothing else between the two?" said Mr. Owens.

"No, your reverence," said both Pat and Jem together.

"Were you never taught that something was left out?"

"No, your reverence," said they both. So Mr. Owens opened the two Bibles, and made them read what was left out in their catechisms; and Jem read the first out of the Protestant book—"Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." And then Pat read out of the Roman Catholic Bible—"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them. I am the Lord thy God, mighty, jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."—Exodus xx. 4, 5, 6 (Douay Bible).

\* This date, 1509, must be a misprint, for the Douay version of the Old Testament was published for the first time in the year 1609.